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Proceedings at the Annual Dinner of the New England Society of Northeastern Pennsylvania 1899

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PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY AT
PRESS OF THE SCHOEN PRINTING CO.,
SCRANTON, PA.
1900

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Officers of the Society.

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PRESIDENT.

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JAMES HENRY FISHER,
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JAMES HENRY FISHER.

JAMES EDWARD BURR.

RUSSELL DIMMICK.

Gift
The Society
13 F '05

THE thirteenth annual dinner of the Society was served by the caterer of the Scranton Club in the banquet room of the Scranton Board of Trade, Friday evening, December 22, 1899. Music was furnished by Bauer's Orchestra. An informal reception was held for half an hour preceeding the dinner which latter began with grace by Rev. W. H. Swift of Honesdale. The menu comprised ten courses. The speaking began at half past nine and lasted about two and a half hours.

On the front of the menu card was a copy by Mr. G. B. Dimmick, of Scranton, of the only authentic likeness of a Mayflower Pilgrim extant, that of Governor Edward Winslow, of which the original oil painting hangs in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, Massachusetts. On the back was an engraving, also by Mr. Dimmick, from Mr. W. F. Holsall's painting, "The Mayflower in Plymouth Harbor." These are reproduced in this pamphlet.

The programme and addresses of the evening were as follows:

Programme.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

HOMER GREENE, ESQ., . . . HONESDALE, PA.

"Thank God for a land where pride is clipped!
Where arrogance stalks apart,
Where law and song and loathing of wrong
Are words of the common heart."

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

REV. WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, D. D. L. H. D., . ITHACA, N. Y.

THE PILGRIM IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

"When forms familiar shall give place
To stranger speech and newer face;
When Art shall raise and Culture lift
The sensual joys and meaner thrift."

—*Brete Harte.*

WILLIAM H. M'ELROY, LL.D., OF THE MAIL AND EXPRESS, NEW YORK.

THE PILGRIM CHILDREN.

Here shall a realm rise
Mighty in manhood;
Justice and mercy
Here set a stronghold
Safe without spear.

—*Lowell.*

HON. WILLIS L. MOORE, . . WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE BLOOD OF THE PILGRIMS ENSURES THE FUTURE.

The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
The more we feel the stern high-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty.
* * * finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.

—*Lowell.*

REV. ROBERT F. Y. PIERCE, . . SCRANTON, PA.

LANDMARKS OF THE PILGRIMS.

Old Ocean's breast a new invader feels,
And heaves in vain to clog her iron wheels;
In vain the Forests marshal all their force,
And Mountains rise to stay her onward course;
From out her path each bold opposer hurled,
She throws her girdle round a captive world.

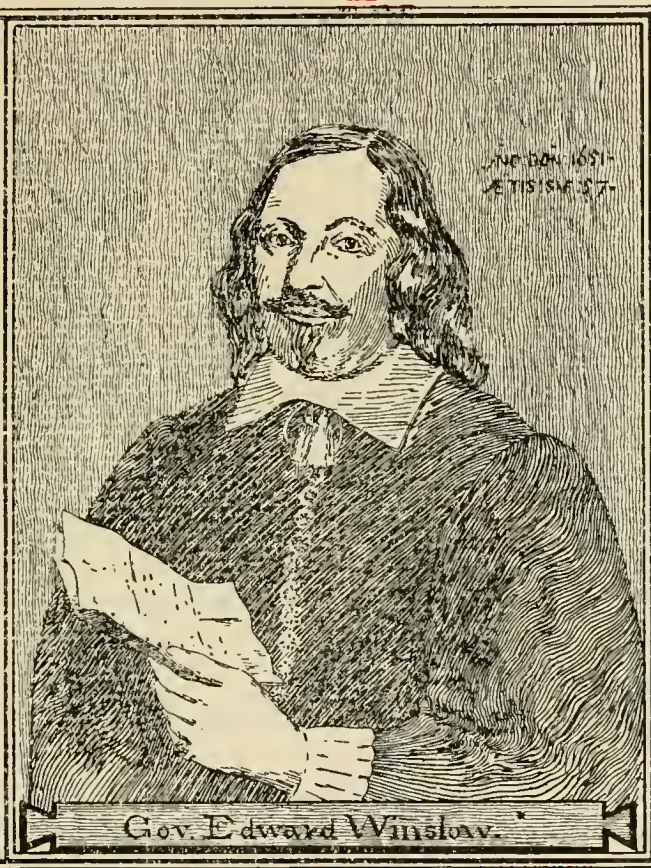
—*Saxe.*

L'ENVOI.

The doctor seemed to doubt that birds could worry people so,
But, bless him! since I ate the bird, I guess I ought to know;
The acidulous condition of my stomach, so he said,
Bespoke a vinous irritant that amplified my head,
And, ergo, the causation of the thing, as he inferred,
Was the large cold bottle—*not* the small hot bird.

—*Field.*

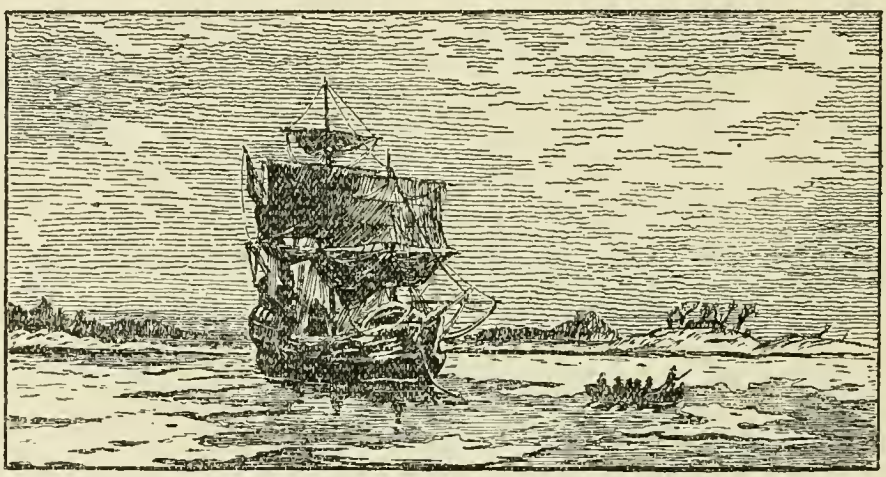
NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY
of NORTH-EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.



Gov. Edward Winslow.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL DINNER.
SCRANTON PA. DEC. 22nd 1899.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;



Copyrighted by C. D. Dunwick & Co. "THE MAYFLOWER IN PLYMOUTH HARBOR." Painted By, W. F. HALSALL.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

President's Address.

Members and Guests of the New England Society:

I am advised by Mr. Fisher, the Secretary, who is authority on all things pertaining to this Society, that the gentlemen present have now eaten sufficiently—and drank enough. I myself have observed that we are all of one political faith to-night. We are all expansionists. But I believe it is customary at a New England dinner for the gentlemen to expand in the region of the mind as well as in the region of the stomach—in the Orient as well as in the West Indies. Mr. O'Neill, as Secretary of the Interior, has placed before us a very comprehensive report of the situation, which we appear to have taken in readily enough, and which we shall all doubtless be able thoroughly to digest. It now becomes my duty as President to introduce to you some Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary from the Courts of Divinity, Journalism and Politics, who will give you their views, from a purely New England standpoint, on the absorbing questions of the day. But, before reaching that feature of the meeting, I believe it is customary for the President to make a few remarks on his own account. There is, however, no occasion for alarm. My speech will be brief, whether it is to the point or not. It will be like a certain New England dinner of which I once heard. A gentleman who had not partaken of it was asking a gentleman who had partaken of it how it was. "Well," was the reply, "it was good enough, what there was of it." "Why, wasn't there enough of it?" "Oh, yes, there was enough of it, such as it was." The President's address will bear a marked resemblance to that dinner. I presume it is my duty in the first place to congratulate you on the large attendance here this evening, which I do most sincerely. It is also my duty to call to your attention the growth and prosperity of our Society. And that also I do with great pleasure. The reports of both the Secretary and Treasurer are in the highest degree satisfactory. It is also my duty to announce to you that since our last annual gathering the Society has lost by death two members—Plummer S. Page and Isaac L. Post. Mr. Page was born in Orange County, Vermont, in 1841.

He came to Luzerne County about thirty-nine years ago, and turned his attention to railroad construction work and contracting, in which he achieved eminent success. He was of a most genial disposition, had hosts of friends, and was always a very welcome attendant at the gatherings of the New England Society, of which he was an active and interested member. His death occurred suddenly May 14th last, at his home in this city, and was recognized as a distinct loss to the community of which he had been so valued a member. Isaac L. Post was born in Montrose, July 11th, 1818. He came of New England ancestry. He served his country as a soldier in the Civil War. He came to Scranton in 1865, and from that time to the date of his death he lived and labored in this city, loved by many and honored by all. This Society has lost in him a valued and devoted member. Finally it is my duty, as it is the duty of all Presidents of New England Societies, to speak a few words in praise of the Pilgrim Fathers. Nor is this a duty from which I would shrink, if I but felt myself capable of doing justice to these old heroes of New England. A bright woman complained, not long ago, that we talk too much about the Pilgrim Fathers and too little about the Pilgrim Mothers. She declared that the latter deserve as much praise as, and more, than the former. For the Pilgrim Mothers endured, as did their husbands, hunger, loneliness, disease, desolation, and in addition to all this, they also endured—the Pilgrim Fathers. I agree most fully with this advocate of "equal rights and a little more;" but I think she labored under a misapprehension. I am very sure that every gallant New Englander, in praising the Pilgrim Fathers, fully intends to embrace the ladies—in that expression. But, if I were to try to do justice to the Pilgrim Fathers and Mothers to-night, I would not dwell upon their endurance, their fortitude, their bravery, their sublime faith inspiring them to heroic deeds. Other men and women have done as much, and more, for conscience and for Christ. But I would dwell rather on that one virtue, which above all others, to my mind, constitutes their crown of glory—I mean their hatred of a lie. They spoke the truth, they acted the truth, they lived the truth. They never had a lie within their hearts, much less upon their lips. Severe they were no doubt, blunt, stern, uncompromising; but let it be said of them also, that they were true; true always, true everywhere, splendidly true to themselves, to others and to God. Some one has defined a lie to be: "An abomination unto the Lord, and a very present help in time of trouble." The first part of this definition is undoubtedly correct. The second part might perhaps be amended so as to read, "a very pressing trouble when you most need help." For my own experience in lying—not as a lawyer you understand, but as a small boy

attempting to evade the logical consequences of misconduct—my own experience in lying always was than I invariably got into ten times more trouble by reason of the lie than I did because of the original offense. And I think that experience will hold good with most persons everywhere. People in the respectable world don't indulge much now-a-days in the plain, bold, open, unblushing lie. It don't pay. It isn't good policy nor good politics. It is not gentlemanly. A clear cut lie is too easy to refute.

"A lie that is all a lie may be met and fought with outright;
But a lie that is part a truth is a harder matter to fight."

It is these half-lies that do the mischief, these false suggestions, these satanic silences. And in these the world of to-day is not lacking. Oh, for the spirit of those Pilgrim noblemen, who never led another under any pretext, to believe that which they themselves knew to be untrue. I am no pessimist. I believe the world is growing better, cleaner, loftier in purpose every day. But there is no way in which we can better help along this work of clarification of the general conscience than by recognizing our own faults and trying to correct them. Let us recognize the fact that we have so far departed from the straight path trodden by the Pilgrim Fathers as to indulge at times in the spirit and practice of prevarication. Take my own profession for example, that of the law. And I want to say, parenthetically, that we are not nearly so bad in this respect as we are painted. In the language of a Hibernian neighbor—"half the lies they tell about us are not true." And it is not the popular idea—newspaper jokes to the contrary notwithstanding—that a lawyer is but another name for a rogue. I appeal to the men who sit at this table to-night, who have entrusted their legal advisers with their family secrets, with their personal honor, with every dollar of their fortunes and never a stroke of the pen to show for it, I appeal to you to know whether your trust has ever been betrayed! I think that most of the tales about unrighteous lawyers spring from the prejudiced lips of disappointed suitors. I read, not long ago, of a wealthy resident of a certain town, not a thousand miles from Scranton, who lay on his death bed. In his life-time he had suffered many things of many opposing lawyers. But there were two in particular who had incurred his enmity. In his dying moments he sent for them. They hastened to his bedside, feeling that with the light from the other world clarifying his mental vision, he at last saw how he had misjudged them and wished to correct his mistake and beg their forgiveness before it should be forever too late. When they reached the sick-room he placed them, one on each side of his bed, then he lay back on his pillow

with a look of peaceful resignation on his pallid face. "This is my last wish," he said. "I am ready now to go. I only wanted to die as my Lord and Master did, between two thieves."

While I believe there is no other occupation or calling—save possibly the ministry—which maintains among its members a higher sense of personal and professional honor than does that of the law, nevertheless I recognize among us that spirit of prevarication through which the snares and traps and pitfalls of practice are laid for unsuspecting feet. Kind to each other we are, accommodating, courteous, friendly, brotherly. But give me instead—if we cannot have both—give me instead the old Puritan bluntness, harshness, severity, if so be I can but have that high, clear, undoubting faith in my brother lawyer, that he fights me with weapons that are not hidden, with facts that are not distorted, with sincerity and truth ever in his heart as well as on his lips. For I say to you to-night, after an experience of twenty years at the bar, that there is nothing in the law that does not permit, aye, demand the highest, nicest sense of honor in those who practice it. In criticising the spirit of prevarication which prevails to-day I shall not presume to single out for comment any calling but my own. Yet, I think I may be pardoned for making passing reference in this relation to the field of politics. Having dabbled somewhat in politics myself, I may be presumed to know something of political methods. And again, I wish to preface my remarks by saying most decidedly, that not all politicians are rogues. I know many manly, honorable, splendid men who are workers and leaders in political affairs. But I haven't the hardihood to stand here and say that all the charges which are made of improper conduct, of bribery, of rank fraud, are without foundation in fact, made simply for political effect. I cannot say that. I know better; and so do you. I cannot say that all the politicians, high or low, are dominated by the incorruptible spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers. Imagine, if you can, William Bradford treating the electors at a New England town meeting with whiskey and cigars in his own interest! Imagine grim old Miles Standish buying up delegates to a convention at so much a head! Imagine any of those grand old Puritan heroes purchasing popularity with the spoils of office! Oh, for a little of the leaven of Puritan righteousness to leaven the whole lump of Pennsylvania politics to-day! I believe it can be done. I don't believe that politics are necessarily corrupt. I don't believe that a politician is necessarily a rascal. I don't believe that a majority, nor a minority, nor a thousandth part of the voters of this State stand ready each year to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. The New England blood and the New England spirit that radiated from Plymouth Rock three cen-

turies ago gave standing and stamina and moral firmness and material prosperity to the New World. And the same New England blood and New England spirit radiating from the New England Societies of Pennsylvania to-day could redeem this Commonwealth from political demerit before we should meet again around this board. The times are ripe. The day of better things is dawning. Honor in politics, thank Heaven! will soon be the fashion and the fact. Hasten the day when the people, the voters, the kings by whose decree public officers are made and unmade shall demand that the man who receives their suffrages shall be as true and clean and strong and sternly honest as any Puritan that ever trod New England soil. And in the broader field of national affairs the same unbending spirit must prevail. With true New England steadfastness Abraham Lincoln held the nation to its duty in the trying days from '61 to '65. I hope, I pray, I believe that there is the same high spirit, and the same strong determination in the White House, at Washington to-day; and that in spite of specious argument, in spite of sentimental pleadings, in spite of old doctrines warped and twisted out of shape, in spite of the horror of shed blood flung ever to the front, there will be no wavering, no yielding, no turning back. It is time to look beyond the temporalities, above the man-made fogs; to take large views of large questions, and to perceive, as we may, the everlasting righteousness of the cause for which our soldiers are bearing the triumphant flag of the stars and stripes through the Islands of the East. God grant that we may see our duty as plainly as ever the Pilgrim Fathers saw theirs! That we may read our destiny as clearly as they read theirs, and that we may go forward with as strong soul and as noble purpose as did they, to the predetermined end.

The Pilgrim in the Pacific Ocean.

BY REV. WM. ELLIOT GRIFFIS, D. D., L. H. D., OF ITHACA, N. Y.

Mr. President and Members of the New England Society:

I am taking you far away to-night when I ask you to go with me to the Pacific Ocean. Yet I have not only frequently visited the Pilgrim district in England, the places of the Pilgrims' reinforcement in Holland, the sandy shores of Plymouth County in Massachusetts, but I have had the pleasure also of seeing what the sons of the Pilgrims have done in the Pacific Ocean.

The Pilgrim has been in history over three hundred years, and is now entering upon his fourth century. If we agree that the rise of the Pilgrim movement may be dated with the birth of William Bradford—that all-around, nobly finished Pilgrim Father—at Austerfield, in England, in 1590, and that its heroic period closed when Plymouth Colony was merged in Massachusetts and lost its distinctive life in 1690, then we have the first century of Pilgrim history. For a large part of that first century, the North Sea and the Zuider Zee and the Atlantic shore were his fields of operation. The Pilgrim had not yet taken an oceanic look of things. He came out of that part of England in which the three counties, Lincoln, York and Nottinghamshire came together. He sprang from the sturdy North of England stock, inheriting the old traditions of Teutonic freedom and was educated in the old spirit of English law.

Where the Pilgrim first got the seed, from which has grown the great tree of modern liberty, scholars may be disagreed. I for one feel thoroughly convinced that the seeds of liberty were brought to England and to the Pilgrim Fathers through those men who have been belied in all history—for they are the pariahs of history, the so-called Anabaptists. These in the Republic of Switzerland, as soon as they got hold of the open Bible in their own tongue, began to believe and put into practice those doctrines which are now accepted by men of light and leading in all the progressive countries of the world and by almost all modern Christians, while their expression in political life is the Constitution of the United States. These so-called Anabaptists—for they never called themselves by

this name—invented by their enemies and affixed as a stigma—believed in the separation of Church and State, and in almost all those forms of enlightened religion and government which we in the United States have made our own. This much we know, that both Robert Browne and that great, noble self-effacing pastor and teacher, John Robinson, came from Norwich, where the Dutch free brethren, the Separatists, had gathered so numerously.

When the Pilgrims, adopting Separatist ideas, wished to put their ideas into practice, they were obliged to leave the England of the Stuarts—so very different from the England of to-day, and go to the country where "they knew conscience was free for all men"—the Dutch Republic of seven states—that in 1579 had begun with a union, under the red, white and blue flag, with a written constitution, with public schools sustained by taxation. In that republic the Pilgrims found liberty of conscience and had their old Teutonic spirit of freedom and their ideas of English law and order reinforced. There, in time of truce, they abode in peace and comfort during eleven years. When in 1619 the end of the truce approached and the Spaniard was to be again in the land, they took fresh counsel and resolved to cross the sea. Why? They saw their sons marrying Dutch maidens and the Dutch lads marrying their daughters. Their young men were enlisting in the army and navy of freedom or going on long voyages. It was clear that they were in danger of destruction. What has happened to most of the other twenty-five organized English churches in the Netherlands would have happened to them had they tarried in the land. They would have been swamped among the Dutch people, losing their language and their English name. So in the Speedwell they left Delfshaven and in the Mayflower Plymouth and crossed the ocean. Their second century began when their colony was merged in the larger royal province and they were no longer a little Republic by themselves.

Let us look at the latter half of that first century. The Pilgrim was first of all, both individually and collectively, a man of faith. I suppose by-and-by somebody will come along to say that the Pilgrim was simply a trader and that he had no faith in particular. They who knew him best from his own writings know that he was first of all, a man of faith, and that next he was a man of service. He believed he had a great work to do in the world, and that he was God's servant to do it. In other words, he was a missionary.

In Plymouth colony, he proved himself first of all a lover of law and order. When anarchy, on the one side, and savagery on the other, threatened his little Republic, he was ready even with the sword to secure safe-guarded freedom. In the Pilgrim's company

there was not only Brewster, the elder; Bradford, the all-around business man and governor; Winslow, the diplomatist, but there was also Standish, the soldier, who as Motley says, was "Miles in name, leagues in valor and only a few paltry inches in height."

Yes, the Pilgrim, first of all, must have order. He was not a narrow man, but a true catholic, a cosmopolitan. In the Pilgrim company were seven or eight different nationalities—English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Dutch, Huguenots, Walloons, and possibly Germans. There were in their company the representatives of four different churches. The Plymouth colony was a type of the United States to come. The Pilgrims could enjoy in their fraternity Miles Standish, who was probably a Roman Catholic, Roger Williams, the radical, and John Alden, who may have been an Irishman. They could harbor small minded men of the Anglican establishment and various other persons with a variety of opinions, as long as these persons obeyed the law of the Pilgrim Republic.

Thus they lived together in peace, finishing their first century in 1690. From that period their life is merged in that of the larger colony. Lost? do some say? Yes, in the same sense that the lump of sugar goes into the coffee. It is lost and you do not see it, but it sweetens the cup. Mightily has our national mass been sweetened by the Pilgrim life and ideas.

The Puritans, on the other hand, formed a great and mighty company. They were rich and powerful. They came there in ships loaded with seeds, tools, comforts, arms and clothes. The Pilgrims were few and poor. The Puritans looked down on the Plymouth folk and called them "Brownists," "Anabaptists" and other derisive names. The Puritans believed in a union of church and state. They were bigoted, very much as other people in the old country were. They were not very much better and not very much worse than the other emigrants that made our country. The Pilgrims, different men with different and nobler ideals, were far above the Puritans in Christian and moral attainments. I rejoice to see on your programme to-night that the Pilgrims get most of the honor, and they deserve nearly all. The Puritans represented the idea of the mustard seed becoming a great tree, visible to the eye, impressing all by vastness. The Pilgrims suggest rather the leaven that has helped to make our great nation.

On the second century of the Pilgrim history I need not dwell. It is part of the history of the people of all the colonies in helping to decide whether Latin or Germanic ideas should dominate this continent, whether the principles that ruled France or those that ruled England should dominate here. The end of the second century saw

these thirteen colonies one nation with a written constitution, the red, white and blue flag and not a few features borrowed from the old Dutch Republic, which had sheltered the Pilgrims, and was the first power to salute our flag, but with political freedom far in advance of the old Dutch Republic.

The third century found a nation under a new government, facing great problems and advancing westward in expansion of empire toward the Pacific Ocean. With his other fellow Americans, the Pilgrim's descendants formed new states, made great inventions, built railways, replenished the earth and subdued it, grappled with a slaveholder's rebellion in civil war, vindicated federal government and proved the possibility of democracy on a large scale.

During all this time the Pilgrim descendant was actuated by that which from the first to the last had characterized him and his fathers, and which to-day is the most hopeful sign, it seems to me, in all the world next to a pure Christianity-mental initiative. The Pilgrim faced fresh questions and knew what to do. He tried new things. He had been accustomed to do so. In the sixteenth century it was a new idea to have a church that was not political. Every church in Europe was, when the Pilgrims started on their holy experiment of setting up a church without political bishops and a state without a king under the dictation of princes and statesmen. Theirs were exhilirating experiences. They were not afraid to try new things. They quailed not at crossing the ocean in a little boat, and they did it without protection from their "dread sovereign," who would have enjoyed burning them all at the stake. They were ready to step on a sandy shore where there happened to be one boulder—brought down from Canada or Labrador, before protective tariffs were invented and almost the only stone on the seashore of Plymouth County—and begin a new life in the wilderness. They tried that experiment, which we have been willing and able to try on a large national scale—the application of democracy to tens of millions. They even tried that holy experiment of applying democracy to religion, ordering their church grandly in safe-guarded freedom, according to the perfect law of liberty.

This idea of mental initiative—this knowing what to do in facing entirely new problems, and patiently holding on until they are solved—I believe marks the Pilgrim descendant to-day. During all the time during which we were settling our western country and expanding through arms, diplomacy and settlement—making a true romance of honorable conquest—our sailors were exploring the Pacific, our merchants trading in the islands, and our missionaries, preaching, healing, teaching, and sowing new ideas. As soon as the

treaty of peace with Great Britain was signed in 1783, our ships began to carry the American flag around the world. Our mark on all the countries adjoining the old Pacific—for from the first of May, 1898, there was a new Pacific—was not the mark of the conquerer, or of the land-grabber, nor such as Russia or France leaves—intolerance, exclusion, hostile discrimination against aliens. No, it was the mark of the hospital, the dispensary, the school, the college, honorable trade, enterprise and fair play to all creeds and kinds of men. That was our mark for over a hundred years, while we were making history in the Pacific. Meauwhile, what were some men doing? Many an editor, statesman and economist, was scared at the idea of sending money and men out of the country. They sneered at the idea of carrying medicine or food, books, schools, or the gospel out to the blacks, the dark or yellow-skinned people of the Pacific. Some could never make a speech without launching a gibe against missionaries, or write an editorial without sneering at the investment of money in God's name among the dark-skinned people. They held up to ridicule men and women who did but imitate their Divine Master when, after dinner, He took off his garments and girding Himself with a towel, washed Himself and the feet of the disciples. Now some of these very wiseacres or men of their school wonder why we neither ask nor take their advice.

Do you know the reason why we do not heed the dismal prophecies of these men who to-day howl at "expansion?" We are not going to take, the Pilgrim's descendant does not need, their advice. He can face new problems and be safer in following out his own convictions of duty.

In the Hawaiian Islands, when John Leavitt Stevens, full of the Pilgrim blood and spirit, found that American property, the property of men who had come honorably there, was in danger of the mob, in danger of the anarchist, he raised the American flag and landed the United States marines. He believed what I believe, and I am ashamed of you if you do not believe, that an American citizen who goes through this world and pays for what he gets, and treats the people honorably and fairly, has just as much right to be protected as though he were sitting here in Scranton eating his dinner. I, for one, am ready to be taxed for battle-ships, or torpedo boats, or anything else that will make the life of the American merchant as safe at the end of the earth as at home here. We believe with the Pilgrim that it is not well to have a lot of anarchists and lawless abusers of liberty at Merrymount, where all the forces of evil can gather. Nor do we think it right to have the savage sharpen his knife and threaten to take our blood and get all ready for murder before we take the

initial step of defeuse. No, we think with the Pilgrims that it is well to take evil by the throat before it touches us. I, for one, justify John Leavitt Stevens in his act, and the act of every captain of an American man-of-war who has been willing to protect the lives of the teacher, the missionary and the honorable merchant when they are threatened with violence. Sometimes it does take moral courage rather than physical courage to do this, though both are needed.

And so, during all the Pilgrim's third century, the American sailor, missionary, merchant and teacher has been in the old Pacific quietly doing his work, helping to lift up his fellowman and spreading education abroad. By-and-bye it came to pass that a great Old World Power that loved slavery, priestcraft, ignorance and brutality had, on this fair continent, made of Cuba a hell. Then, in the same spirit in which Bradford ordered Miles Standish to go up and clean out Mt. Merrymount, and in the same spirit whereby he ordered Miles Standish to go and stop the Indians, who were sharpening their knives to kill the Pilgrims, we moved down on Cuba. That island, because of the awful misgovernment of Spain, could not support a population of a million and a half, while on the other side of the world, Java, under just rule, supports a population of eleven million happy well-fed people, while the Dutch govern thirty-three millions of Malays so quietly that we scarcely know they are there. So on this Forefathers' night it has come to pass that Porto Rico is ours and Cuba is under our care. Furthermore, the Philippines are ours by the fortune of war. The gateway to China, the richest market in the world, is ours by honorable acquisition. What shall we do with them? The same old school of economists, orators and editors, who for a century sneered at enterprise in the Pacific Ocean say, "Scuttle, get away, get out." Shall we take their advice? No. That oceanic event of May 1, 1898, made a New Pacific Ocean, and begins for its people a new history.

Now, the question is, since Commodore Dewey, by following not the command which Miles Standish gave to his men, "Don't fire until you take aim," has put this prize by the fortune of war in our hands, What shall we do with it? Well, it is a pity we got into war with the Philippinos, but still the first thing the Pilgrims demanded was order. That is our first duty now. Until we get order and law, all theories and objections are vain. But now supposing that in a little while we get order, what shall we do with those people? I have lived four years among Oriental people. My father and grandfather before me were employers of Malay labor. I cannot but believe what my father told me, "Treat a Malay well and he becomes one of the best men in the world; treat him badly, unjustly, and he is the

worst." The Philippines for three centuries have been under the oppression of a system in which Caiaphas and Pilate joined hands—a political system one of the worst, and a political church very far from being the best on earth. The chief point I fear in the policy of Congress is that this political church will be given advantages over those churches that are not political.

Here are millions of people in our new possessions. What shall we do with them? Well, I am pretty certain of one thing. If you are going to try to turn a Malay into a Yankee, inside of several centuries, you will make a mistake. Every man who lives on this earth is the product of his heredity and his environment. You can educate, you can lift up, you can make the Malay a noble man, but you will never, in our time, make him a Yankee. There is a great deal that is good in the Malay, and much that can be developed. He will respond to kindness and education.

We must first of all have a first-class civil service, and we must send our best men as rulers and helpers. If we do not, we shall never hold these Eastern people. If we are going to try to change the Malay's habits and customs suddenly, then we shall have at the ends of the earth a great quagmire to sink our money in. It will be like some of these great Pennsylvania swamps which could take millions and millions of tons of ballast, and then lick their chops and ask for more. So, if we rule for gain only, we will have a place out there in the Philippine Islands where we can put in hundreds and millions of dollars, year after year, and never get anything back. But, if we interfere with the Filippinos' customs and manners as little as possible and attempt only slowly and patiently to reform him, we shall do better. It may seem paradoxical, coming from a minister of the Gospel, who gives all the money he can spare every year to the support of missions, and who believes most thoroughly in propagating Christianity, to say that you must not interfere with the Malay's religion; that is, in the way which it has too often been interfered with in the last three hundred years. I hope to see American schools and colleges out in the Philippines, wherein our new fellow citizens can have the greatest of all incentives, the most potent of all hopes, the greatest of all books; and, where it can be shown him that the Bible is as much his as ours and where his innocent customs will not be interfered with, or, if so, only to be supplanted with something better. There is a Japanese proverb to the effect that "government-made laws last three days." That is about as long as any laws of ours, made in the atmosphere of theory and covetousness, by a few professors or politicians at home, will last in the Philippines. All genuine law must be based on nature.

Having hinted at some of the difficulties in the way, and shown that they are great, I believe nevertheless that the sons of the Pilgrims to-day possess that mental initiative characteristic of the first fathers, which will enable them to grapple with this fresh problem and solve it. If we keep on in the Pilgrim spirit—the spirit of faith in God and of service to men, and believe in order, law, education and fair play, we shall have in the orient sea a rich garden that shall be the glory of our nation before the whole world.

Let us in this learn a lesson from and profit by the experience of other people, even our British and Dutch friends. The former at first tried to own colonies as possessions and work them for what they were worth. They tried to get out of them all that was possible, without any idea of returning anything but what was absolutely necessary. Now, if we proceed on that policy, we are doomed at the start. But, if we learn the lesson of experience, which the British have taught us, of holding so-called "possessions" in the benefit of order, fair play, justice, law, education, elevation, we too shall have to enjoy what I believe to-day is one of the most beautiful sights on this earth—a mother country holding thirty or forty different nations, and a large proportion of the land of the globe in order and peace, with equal justice to all and a measure of hope and freedom far above the old days of apathy, anarchy, savagery and intestine war.

If we take a lesson of experience from the Dutch, also, we shall do well. Their first idea as colony-planters and expansionists was to make the natives pay tribute to support the home government. Their aim was to hold the colonies for what they could get out of them. As long as they followed this selfish policy, there was dissatisfaction, sullenness, bitterness, and everything outrageous and terrible. But when the Dutch came into the consciousness and conviction that Insulinde, or Island India, was a precious trust to be held for the benefit, not primarily of themselves, but of their fellow men, then their colonies became the brightest jewels in their crown. Now, as I have said, they rule thirty-three millions of Malays so easily that we hardly know that there is any such people. A year ago I stood at the inauguration of Wilhelmina, the beloved queen in a democratic monarchy, and what was most impressive in the pageant was to see Oriental magnates and dignitaries standing beside her throne in loyalty and appreciation.

So I hope to see the time when the men in Alaska and Hawaii and the Philippine Islands will be zealous upholders of law, looking up with gratitude to our people at home as their friends, enjoying what we can give. If we follow out the Pilgrim idea of service and help, holding our new possessions as a sacred trust for God and humanity, then neither we nor our children shall ever rue the day when Admiral Dewey said to Captain Gridley, "Fire when you are ready."

The Pilgrim Children.

BY WILLIAM H. McELROY, LL. D., OF NEW YORK.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:

I was greatly interested in the interest of absolute truth to learn that it was not George Washington who said, "I cannot tell a lie," but that it was the collective Scranton bar. There is a story of a young lady who declared that her brother wrote better verses than Milton, and when somebody asked, "Are you sure?" she replied, "Yes, he admits it himself." White lying, prevarication, is a bad thing. But, Mr. President, with your permission, I have in mind a prevarication which was so artistic that some way or another I think even you, with your stern standards, might be inclined to tolerate it. That great Boston wit, Tom Appleton, the man who said that good Americans when they die go to Paris, owned a horse, and every time he undertook to drive it over a bridge leading out of Boston it balked. So he said to a friend, "I must sell the beast," and this friend, who also held the moral standards high, said, "But you can't sell that beast and tell the truth." "Oh, yes," said Appleton. So the next day he put in the Boston papers this advertisement: "For sale. A fine Morgan mare. The only reason the owner is induced to part with her is that he wants to leave Boston."

It happened some years ago that John Randolph Tucker, that accomplished lawyer, astute politician and brilliant wit, sat in the Supreme Court of the United States listening to an argument, and the argument, sir, he thought did not conform to the high standards, to put it gently. While the argument proceeded and Tucker sat there shaking his head, somebody directed his attention to the fact that George Bancroft, the celebrated historian, who happened to be present, had gone to sleep. Tucker looked at him a moment and then said, "That is simply poetic justice; History sleeps while Fiction speaks." And so, gentlemen, by easy stages I approach my toast The Pilgrim Children. No implication in the toast that I do not honor the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. Year after year, with unabated enthusiasm, I join with those who celebrate them, their rock-ribbed characters, their epoch-making achieve-

ments, the trials which they bore without flinching, the success which they achieved without having their heads turned. Every recurring forefather night, the constellation of the Pilgrim flames in the forehead of the northern sky to the temporary effacement of all the other planets that illuminate the firmament of history. That is as it should be. It may be said of the Pilgrim Fathers' achievements what Webster said of Eloquence: "Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, they cannot express it." And so we may hope that their memory which is a part of the glorious heritage of the American people, and a potent factor in shaping our manifest destiny, may abide until, in the language of the poet, "The stars of eternity break through time's last twilight." Nevertheless, the Pilgrim Children.

I have always been fond of the story they tell of Ethan Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga. They say that the Sunday following the surrender of the fort, Allen went to church where the minister devoted his sermon and his prayers to thanksgiving to the God of battles to whom, and to whom alone, he referred the victory. Allen sat restless under these ascriptions, in which he did not figure, and finally the worm turned. Rising in his place he said, "Parson, one minute; would you mind mentioning that Ethan Allen was there?" And so to-night as the collosal chorus of eulogy of the Pilgrim Fathers goes reverberating over this continent I think I hear some shy but self-appreciative Puritan of to-day, saying to Uncle Sam, "Yes, eternal honor to the Pilgrim Fathers but would you mind mentioning that the Pilgrim Children are here and are feeling pretty well to-night?"

It is right, gentlemen, to have the courage of a well-founded self-esteem. There were fighters before Agamemnon—and after. Bishop Berkely declared, "Time's noblest offspring is the last," and with a Bishop to back him one may claim, I think, that it is not the Pilgrim of 1620, but rather the Pilgrims of 1899, who can read their title clear to the head of the table of modern civilization.

Suppose to-night, these worthies of whom Dr. Griffis has discoursed so eloquently, could come back to earth, John Robinson, Miles Standish, William Bradford, and the rest, and could make a tour of the continent on which they landed, while breaking waves dashed high, and the Indians casually remarked that the time had come to restrict immigration. What then? Would this Pilgrim Investigating Committee be disheartened or encouraged? Well, the pessimists—who are the poorest of the poor, who are always with us—the pessimist tell us that the world has "a glorious future behind it"—that time runs back to find the Age of Gold. But I believe that this Investigating Committee, their tour done, would say to one another, "The torch which we lighted has been kept well trimmed and

brightly burning, and with the continued blessing of God, is destined to shine more and more unto the perfect day."

At all events, I think Bradford and the rest would see no occasion for echoing the remark made by a certain son of Mars in the civil war. He had been marching all day under a broiling sun and lay down at night in a pelting rain on a blue clay road, and in the morning waking up simply saturated with rheumatism and things, he turned to his comrade and said, "Jim, I have made up my mind to one thing, I'm never going to love another country."

What did the Pilgrim Fathers stand for? My honored friend on the right has told you better than I might hope to tell you. They stood for freedom of conscience; they stood for pure religion and undefiled; they stood for liberty under the law; they stood for government of the people by the people and for the people; they stood for the general diffusion of education. Yes; and the children are valiently standing for those things to-day. I take it that if Bradford and the rest had put up the fight from Bunker Hill and Lexington to Yorktown, they could not have done better than George Washington and his comrades did. I take it that the men who marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea, who nerved the arm of Grant at Vicksburg, who went whirling with Sheridan up the Valley of the Shenandoah, who stood with your own Meade at Gettysburg, I take it that those men were made of the same sterling stuff of which the Pilgrim Fathers were made. But the Pilgrim Fathers having been first of all religious men, would first inquire about the state of pure and undefiled religion, and I surely trust as fair men they would find on this investigating tour that Christianity has been an ever progressing and efficient force; I believe they would say that the churches to-day are better organized, farther reaching, and more efficient than they ever were before in the history of the world. Many of the useless barriers which used to divide the denominations have been thrown down, so that to-day there is scarcely a denomination which does not issue transfers good on all the other lines which lead to the New Jerusalem. So with education. How wonderfully the school master has increased and multiplied since the days when Harvard College had only three undergraduates. You remember, Mr. President, what Oliver Wendell Holmes has to say about this stage of education:

> And who were on the Catalogue
> When college was begun?
> Two nephews of the President,
> And *the* Professor's son;
> Lord! how those seniors knocked about
> The freshman class of one!

The Pilgrims of to-day, like the Pilgrims of the far past, believe

that the man who makes two school houses flourish where one flourished before is a great public benefactor, and to-day our institutions of learning, those which conserve the higher education, and the primary ones, have become such veritable bulwarks of the nation's safety and progress, that a good many people think they constitute the most efficient sort of a National Guard.

But there is another respect in which we are far and away ahead of the Pilgrim Fathers. They were devoted to the True, but they had very little appreciation of the other side of the shield, the Beautiful. They had a passionate appreciation of the beauty of holiness, but a primrose by the river brim a yellow primrose was to them, and it was nothing more. They were saintly but, oh, how they lacked style!

Dr. Griffis' investigations have been more thorough than mine, so I speak under correction, but I doubt very much if there was a man on the Mayflower who ever told a good story or gave out a conundrum or who got up a pool on the running of the ship. The children lead wider lives; art, literature, music, the great American game (meaning not poker, but golf), all these things tend to make their lives rounder, fuller, better balanced. My distinguished friend, the Rev. Dr. Hale, prints at the top of his letters, "That they might have life and have it more abundantly," and that apparently is the motto of the Pilgrims of to-day. When I think of the Pilgrim Fathers I am reminded of what Dr. Holland said on returning from a visit to the Shakers. "I have no doubt," he observed, "that God loves the Shakers, but I don't believe he admires them." The children have the devotion to truth that the fathers had, but, in addition, they have respect to that salient admonition given by a famous French writer, "We should do our utmost to encourage the beautiful because the useful encourages itself."

Just here, gentlemen, with your permission, I will fall into reminiscence long enough to tell you two salient incidents of Forefather's Day. Some years ago, in New York, at a New England dinner, Henry W. Grady, that greatest of the Southern orators, sat next to Gen. Sherman. Before Grady got up to speak Sherman turned to him, and in that bluff, frank way of his, said: "Grady, now when you get up to speak don't you tell these people that I burnt your cotton during the war; I didn't burn your cotton; there were bummers following my army as bummers follow every army; they burnt your cotton, very likely, but I didn't." Well, Grady made a speech which doubtless some of you remember. It was the greatest effort of his life, and went all over the country. He made only a chance allusion to Sherman, but it brought down the tables. He said substantially, turning to him, "General Sherman is considered a very able man in

my part of the country, but some of us think he is a little careless with fire."

The other dinner. One night I was sitting in Edward Everett Hale's study talking with him in regard to some of the more famous dinners which he remembered. He recalled the New England dinner of 1876, and said to me, "I believe that George William Curtis made a speech at that high festival which had a great deal to do in preventing the nation going to war over the matter of the Presidential succession, Tilden versus Hayes." Curtis was to speak to the toast of "The Puritan Principle." He rose, holding in his hand a mayflower; and he toasted it, placing it above the rose of England, the shamrock of Ireland, the thistle of Scotland, the lily of France; and then, after a little light talk, he spoke of the Puritan principle, which he characterized as the master principle of the civilization of this continent, having its essence in individual liberty, from which sprang the free state, the free church and the free school. Then rounding out his definition, he directed attention to this—that while the Pilgrims had been above all other men in their devotion to liberty, they had always stood for liberty under the law, liberty never separated from law. And it was for this, that Curtis—in my judgment, the first orator of his day—made a flaming appeal, and of course the troubled state of the times lent to his words peculiar emphasis. As he proceeded a hush fell upon the dinner tables, men forgot all else save that they were American citizens, proud of their birthright, and the good fellowship of the hour became elevated, clarified into patriotism. He was cheered again and again, as he affirmed, "The Puritan principle today has advanced to this, that we find a lawful remedy for every ill that menaces the country." The applause grew louder and louder as he continued: "At this hour we are not Republicans, we are not Democrats, we are American citizens." A little later in his speech he brought every man to his feet. "I myself," said Hale, "found myself standing with one foot on the table, waving my napkin like mad, as he exclaimed, 'Gentlemen, if the voice of New England could reach the Federal Capitol to-night, it would say this, that neither is the Republican Senate to insist upon its exclusive partisan way, nor is the Democratic House to insist upon its exclusive partisan way, but Senate and House, representing the American people, and the American people only, in the light of the Constitution, and by the authority of the law, are to provide a way over which a President, be he Republican or Democrat, shall pass unchallenged to the chair.'"

That is the way, gentlemen, that the Puritans meet the successive problems that come to them, and to-night they are saying to one another that the worst use you can put the American flag to is to haul

it down. They purpose to solve the problem of the Philippines in the interest of justice and truth, and in the interest of all concerned, and so that the whole body of the Philippines may move forward to a higher, broader life under constitutional government.

I have spoken of the Puritan Fathers and of the Puritan Children; but, gentlemen, I would rather think of the Pilgrims as a unit. We being many of one, it merely happens that they were the fathers and that we are the children. It might have been otherwise. Bradford himself might have signed the Emancipation Proclamation, and the first man off the Mayflower, the leader of the immortal company, might have been Abraham Lincoln.

One word more and I will relieve your patience. It is almost Christmas; almost time to hang up the stockings, to set the chimes ringing and to listen again to the transcendent story of what happened "while shepherds watched their flocks by night." Forefathers' Day may be said to be the child of Christmas since the Pilgrim Fathers were inspired to do and to dare by Him who gives to Christmas its unspeakable significance. Christmas, Forefathers' Day! To ponder upon them is to find life worth living, for they enable one confidently to appeal from the valley and the shadow, to the delectable mountains and the perfect day. Permit me, effacing myself, to close with a few lines of which I am fond, which are a rebuke to pessimism:

There is a saying of the ancient sages,
  No noble human thought,
However buried in the dust of ages,
  Can ever come to naught.

With kindred faith that knows no base dejection
  Beyond the horizon scope,
I see, afar, the shining resurrection
  Of every glorious hope.

I see as parcel of a new creation
  The beatific hour,
When every bud of lofty aspiration
  Shall blossom into flower.

We are not mocked; it was not in derision
  God made our spirits free,
The poets' dreams are but a dim provision
  Of something that shall be.

When all who lovingly have hoped and trusted,
  Despite some transient fears,
Shall see life's jarring elements adjusted
  And rounded into spheres?

The Blood of the Pilgrim Ensures Our Future.

BY HON. WILLIS L. MOORE, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:

A democracy is no better than the average of its citizens, and usually not quite so good. Under monarchical systems of government accident of birth often brings into ruling power either the weak and inefficient or the strong and cruel; under our more perfect system of republican government the evils resulting from the spoils of office too often bring into the councils of city, state and national administrations not those least fitted to control, but surely not those who by aptitude, education and a high standard of personal and civil virture are the best fitted to administer the functions of government. Still we are a great nation, and our system of government is growing apace with the moral and the intellectual uplifting of our people.

For a moment let us take our position midway between the two great oceans, with the vast mineral wealth of towering mountains on our west, two thousand miles of fertile plains on our east, ten thousand miles of great navigable rivers, draining the most extensive agricultural region in the world; hundreds of thousands of miles of steam railroads; five magnificent inland seas; a climate unrivaled for healthfulness and for its productive potentiality—and the human mind is dazed by the stupendousness, bewildered by the magnificence of the panorama; and one is inclined to make the mistake of accrediting to geological, meteorological and geographical conditions the greatness of this nation, and give entire credit to natural environment for the ease with which we have taken a commanding position among the great peoples of the world. To be sure, we should not ignore the fact that sustenance comes from the fertile soil, homogeneity of our people through the trade, commerce and personal interchange incident to numerous arteries of cheap inland water and rail transportation, and physical and intellectual energy from the activity of the cool north wind. But these beneficent natural condi-

tions are not the prime sources of our power; they are not the seed of our greatness; they are only the favorable environment under which the seed has germinated, grown, blossomed and come to fruition. That the seed is equally as important as the conditions of growth is proven by the fact that the American Indian, a kind and hardy man, existed for we know not how many thousands of years in this country, but still the Pilgrim of New England and the Cavalier of Virginia found him advanced only from savagery to barbarism. Latin races also have existed under favorable natural conditions in both North and South America during the past three hundred years, but to-day they are more turbulent in character, more unstable and unjust in their self-developed governments than were the aborigines whom they displaced.

And Columbus in his discovery of the West Indies; Verrazzano in his exploration of much of the east coast of our mainland; Ponce de Leon in his childish search for the fountain of youth; De Soto with his three hundred beautifully caparisoned horsemen roaming for three years over our Gulf States, three-quarters of a century before the landing of the Pilgrims; Cortez in his cruel conquest of Mexico; Balboa in crossing the Isthmus of Panama to discover the Pacific Ocean; Coronado in his exploration of more than one-half of the region now contained in our Rocky Mountain States, each and all were only in quest of treasure that they might quickly become rich; were looking for a people whom they might plunder and then enslave. And the galleons of these Spanish adventurers poured rivers of gold into the Treasury of Spain, only to debauch her nobles with the sin-tainted plunder, and after three hundred years leave the former great kingdom of Ferdinand and Isabella to fitly illustrate that national decay and death which are always the wages of sin. Let us take note of these things, that we may eternally strive for that purity in our national life which, according to God's law, is absolutely necessary for its perpetuity. Let us stand by a merit system of public employment, let us vote only for men who possess both ability and good morals, let us be better citizens than we are partisans, let us be patriots who will be more persistent in demanding honest and efficient performance of public duties than in seeking office for ourselves. Truth, honesty and stability must inspire a people or these virtues cannot find expression in their system of goverment. Inherent traits of character are persistent, and follow from father to son to even more than the scriptural third and fourth generation, and this fact leads me to observe: How different from the Latins has been the history of the English-speaking explorers and colonists on this continent. Emerson says, "Every revolution was once a thought in one

man's mind; every reform a private opinion." Now, the individual thought and the private opinion which gave to us industry, liberty and political coherency in such co-ordination as to sustain society and at the same time reconcile liberty with authority and authority with liberty was brought to these shores by the Pilgrim, the Puritan and the Cavalier.

The Cabots, Sir Walter Raleigh, Martin Pring, Bartholomew Gosnold, Ferdinand Gorges, Captain John Smith, the Pilgrim Fathers, and the sons of the Catholic Lord Baltimore were not looking for an Eldorado; were not looking for a land to debauch; they were looking for a fertile soil within a temperate clime that would furnish homes for an honest people; that would furnish homes for a people whose dearest ambition was to place each man equal before the law and allow him to stand fearlessly before his Maker. They were the seed from which came this people and from which came this system of government. To be sure it was the seed of an exotic torn by the roots from its native heath and cast upon the mercy of the winds and the waves, but when it found lodgment upon these shores it bore political doctrine so just in its inception, so grand in its development, so beautiful in its affinity for the American soil as in time to become cardinal doctrine not only for the colonists of 1776, not only for the swarms of liberty seekers who came after them, not only for you, not only for your children and your children's children, but for every God-fearing and humanity-loving person who in the ages to come shall seek political and religious liberty in this fair land. The hand of Almighty God was upon the Pilgrim and the Cavalier—the mark of destiny upon their brow. Had the Ruler of the winds and the waves seen fit they might first have found lodgment on the rugged steeps of the cold north; they might have found settlement among some people widely scattered over an arid waste, or they might have dropped down upon some island like a jewel nestling upon the bosom of a tropical sea, but yet their ideas of government would have been great and they would have exalted any people and ennobled any land. For 150 years the spirit which inspired the Pilgrim and the Cavalier struggled with what to any other people would have been the unconquerable forces of darkness; contended against the forest, against the savage, against the vigorous French, against the cruel Spaniard. Then was born a mighty national impulse, for the colonies united in defense became indissolubly joined in a common destiny; joined under the inspiration of Almighty God in giving a new political dispensation to the benighted world; joined for the purpose of sweeping westward the star of the Republican Bethlehem until its light should rest not only upon the rugged crags of the Allegheny Moun-

tains, not only upon the alluvial plains of the Mississippi Valley, not only upon the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevadas, not only upon the glassy bosom of the western seas, but should shed its benign rays over the bloody bay at Manila, and onward into the portals of the Orient.

In pioneering the weakest fall by the wayside, while the survivors are culled by the inexorable law of the survival of the fittest, and are the most perfect composits of human resourcefulness. Therefore, like Tartary in Asia, and Germany in Europe, New England and the Middle Atlantic States for the past three hundred years have been prolific hives sending out the hardy, the honest, and the inherently resourceful. They have westward preceded the European emigrant, breaking the virgin soil, opening the treasure vaults of mountains, organizing society and laying the foundations of civil government. They have taught the honest yoemanry of Europe how to enjoy the blessings of civil and religious liberty, and have held them in check when they have attempted to stretch that liberty into license. It was a son of old New England who, when riot ran rampant through the streets of Chicago, stretched forth the mighty arm of the Federal Government and with one blow sent red-handed anarchy grovelling into the dust. It was the son of a Pilgrim who corralled the Spanish fleet at Santiago, and it was the plucky son of a Cavalier who later sent that fleet to the bottom of the sea. It was a son of old New England, in the soft gray of a May morn, ten thousand miles from home, with no friendly port, no base of supplies, and faced by an untried and strongly intrenched enemy, who unflinchingly sailed into a Spanish hell, maintained the unbroken movement of a dress parade during battle, stopped work for breakfast, and then resuming business where he left off, won one of the most brilliant victories of the age—a victory to which the historian of the future will point as marking the beginning of a new and greater epoch in our national history.

Notwithstanding the opposition to the advancement of our civilization and the extension of our trade and commerce by a few descendants from the old Hartford Convention of 1814, who opposed our resenting the arrogance of England, the blood of the Pilgrim, the Puritan and the Cavalier, diluted in the honest yoemanry from Europe, and now spread over the vast area from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is still the seed of our greatness, the source of our political coherence, the hope of our future. In all ages it has been the people of mingled blood that have become dominant—blood mixed and culture interchanged in such manner as to strengthen the physical while illuminating the intellectual man. No matter what may be the ethics of the questions involved in territorial expansion and industrial growth,

or what may be our individual opinions, you can no more restrain this people or stop the growth and development of this country than you can reverse the laws of gravity, or cause the Father of Waters to flow northward. But why should we wish to restrain them? Shall we sit gazing into the dark shadows of the past, or shall we turn our faces toward the gray dawn of the future and recognize the fact that we have a duty which we must discharge as becomes a great and God-fearing nation? Andrew D. White says that civilization has advanced more by revolution and force than by evolution and moral suasion. The great Aryan stem from which sprang the Anglo-Saxon surely has always migrated against the winds and the watery currents, has always thrived upon resistance; and to-day this people will dominate and control, by peace if possible, by war if necessary, every foot of territory over which justly floats the emblem of our sovereignty; and we will give to the people of our lately acquired possessions and dependencies the blessings of wisely administered and just laws which they could not secure of their own ignorant volition.

The question is not, Shall we expand? We have already expanded. To be sure, our growth was slow at first. It took two hundred years to expand westward to the Mississippi River, but in 1803, as the result of the war between France and England, we awoke from our lethargy one day to find that James Monroe, our Commissioner to France, sent there only to purchase an outlet for our commerce at the mouth of the Mississippi River, had exceeded his instructions, and had purchased two-thirds of the vast region lying between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean. This region was peopled by a race whom we have since either civilized or exterminated—mostly exterminated. Were we right in subjugating the redman and extending a Christian civilization over this vast region? If we were, then we are right to-day in our position relative to the Filippinos. In 1821 we expanded over Florida, by purchase from Spain. It lay but a few degrees north of Luzon, the principal island of the Philippines, and its population was Indians, runaway slaves and Spaniards, who were no further advanced in the scale of civilization than the Filippinos are to-day. Did we make a mistake in our purchase, and is this region worse to-day for the extension of our sovereignty? In 1845 we expanded over Texas. Have its people retrograded, and have its great stock and cotton industries languished under our control? In 1867 we acquired Alaska by purchase from Russia, without asking the consent of those whom we were about to govern. Have the Esquimo been oppressed by this Republic, and has the vast wealth of their mountains remained undeveloped? In 1892 Hawaii, with a climate

unrivaled and an agricultural wealth seldom exceeded by a like area, knocked for admittance to our political family. Did we err when, in 1898, we accepted them? In fact, has any people suffered or any land deteriorated which has once been swept by the free zephyrs which have first kissed the royal red, the loyal white, and the azure blue of the Stars and Stripes?

Mr. Barrett, our former minister to Siam, who is one of the most intelligent observers ever sent to the far east, says that the island of Luzon is richer in natural resources than the main islands of Japan; that its foreign commerce of $30,000,000 per annum, will, under our control, exceed $150,000,000 per annum in five years; that there is room for the expenditure of $200,000,000 in railroads, which will render a rich return to the investor; that our advent in the Philippines has already given us such political prestige in the east as to greatly increase our trade with China and Eastern Asia; and President Schurman endorses the views of Mr. Barrett relative to the vast importance to us of this Oriental trade. These countries want all the flour and timber which the Pacific Coast and the great Mississippi Valley can supply. They want the raw cotton of the South, and it is not optimistic to assume that the time will come when the four hundred millions of people of China, who wear almost exclusively cotton garments, will take up the entire surplus supply of the South's great staple of cotton, and thereby add wealth and power to the southern half of our country. These new markets want the manufactured cotton, iron, steel, and miscellaneous products of the North and New England, and there is no reason why there should not be developed among the Asiatic millions a demand for the corn or Indian meal, which is the staple product of our central west.

With the inventive ingenuity of the Yankee; the skill of the American mechanic; the wonderful productiveness of our vast agricultural areas and mineral ranges; the building of the Nicaraguan Canal; the laying of cables to Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, Guam, Japan and China; and the inevitable growth of our merchant marine, I look forward to a wonderful development, to a long era of the greatest prosperity this country or any other country has ever known. We are just picking the shell of our time-honored insulation, and notwithstanding the fears of the timid, the clarion note of our trade and commerce will soon ring loud and clear in the markets of the world, and at the same time civilization will be extended and humanity uplifted.

In conclusion permit me to repeat the words of Prof. W. J. McGee, who says that "if Cuba, Porto Rico, Alaska, Hawaii and the islands of the Philippines do not within a quarter of a century make America

Declaration of Independence, far beyond the colonial home, loving and beloved as it was; it swings across the swelling tides that beat against the rock-bound coast of New England. American greatness goes back to that great era that breathed the very spirit of liberty; that hour when the great Raphael, with paint and brush and canvass, was liberating angels with an artist's inspiration; when Michael Angelo was chiselling angels from marble, and giving us the idea of freedom in sermons from stone; to that era when Columbus, with a few old charts as a legacy, and with firm determination, crossed the sea and liberated a continent from the bosom of the deep; it goes back to that great time when Tindal was liberating the Bible and Martin Luther was liberating conscience from ecclesiastic bondage. Puritanism, of which we have heard so much to-night, began with a heaven-born thought of liberty; but it was largely circumscribed by selfhood. The Pilgrim Fathers breathed the divine inspiration of civil and religious freedom, not only for self, but for all who would embrace their benign blessings. As the pebble dropped in the pond, has the ripples swelling out and rolling beyond and ever widening until they break on the farther shore; so John Hopper and William Brewster, and others whose names have been so elequently mentioned here to-night, caused the ripples of an ever-expanding wave of religious liberty, which shall strike the farther shore of time.

Persecutions in the Old World led the Pilgrims to foreign shores where they were determined to know no king save the God of Gods and Lord of Hosts, and worship only the kingly Christ. They determined that no banner should wave above them but the blood stained banner of the Cross. They would look into the stars beyond and think of the God who should be unto them a God of nations.

The searchlight of the best statesmanship and scholarship of the civilized world to-day is turned upon our American life, and the wisest men of every nation are studying not only how to gain American dollars and American commerce, but they are seeking to discover the secret of American greatness. A little while ago the nations of the world laughed at us when we talked of American greatness; to-day they recognize our power, and they are studying the secret. A few years ago an eminent statesman of France was commissioned to come to the United States to seek for this secret of the Americans growing power, and the cause of their national progress. This distinguished visitor passed through our marts of trade; he visited our institutions of healing and philanthropy; he looked into all the departments of industry and commercial life; but he found not the secret here. He went into our colleges and universities, but he found it not here. But in the quiet rest of a Sabbath day in a New

England town this man found his way into the temple of God, and beheld, when the sacred hush had fallen upon the busy world, men and women, young and old, with free hearts worshipping the living Christ, and going forth to live better lives. Going from the temple he was a guest in the quiet New England home, and here in the sweet benign influence and loving associations and endearments of the family life, he read the secret of our power ; Christ and home. When that embassador returned to the councils of his own nation, he said, "I have gone through the busy marts of trade, and their great institutions, but I found the secret of American greatness in the consciousness that they worshipped God with pure hearts and lives, and in the sacred associations and sanctity of their home life I found their strength. And if France may have the American's Sabbath, the American's worship, and the American's home life, France too, will be a nation great and glorious among the nations of the world."

It is to these thoughts that I would invite your attention for the few moments given to me. Could I speak of the four cardinal points which the New England life has fostered, I would refer to them as landmarks and fervently plead in the words of the great wise man of old, "Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set." (Prov. 22 : 28.)

The first great Pilgrim principle so beautifully referred to to-night by our speakers, is that of holy reverence for God. It is a joy in these days of shifting theological thought to find a firm faith in Almighty God; to have the thought of the Rock of Plymouth suggestive of our faith in the Rock of Ages, and emblematic of the solidity of our religious life. No, I presume there were not many of the delightfully pleasant stories told upon the Mayflower, but when that little company of Pilgrims sailed out from Delft Haven, there was open the Word of the living God, and men gleaned its sacred truths, and with their hearts leaning on the Rock of Ages, their faces firmly set into the future, they were ready to brave the storms and take upon their lives all that should follow in the coming years. Their spirit has been handed down to us as a precious legacy, and what has made us a mighty power as a people to-day, has been the firm faith of the sons of our fathers in the Bible and the God of our Fathers.

I stand grief-stricken to-night. I share a common sorrow in the religious world that this very day, at the midday hour, the Paul of the Nineteenth Century has been taken from our midst. No man in the ministry has wrought more for true, evangelical christianity than Dwight L. Moody, whose death we mourn at this hour. Reared in a quiet village in a New England home, breathing the air of the Pilgrim Fathers, living among the old hills of Massachusetts, looking

up unto the God that he was taught to love at his mother's knee, that man has gone forth baptized with the spirit of the God of our Fathers, seeking to evangelize the world; and no man has deepened the spiritual life of the nineteenth century so much as this man of God, who has been translated to-day. He helped us to believe what our fathers taught us, "that righteousness exalteth the nation, and sin is a reproach to any people."

Another of the Pilgrim landmarks is that of the State. They firmly believed that there should be a separation of church and state, that the state existed for the individual, for the home life, for the maintenance of the principles of civil liberty. There were many who came to our shores in those early days who did not share in the sentiments of the broad spirit of liberty for all men which the Pilgrims breathed; there were some who settled in Virginia, and that was a land flowing with milk and honey "for Episcopalians only." There were others who came imbibed with the union of church and state, and they settled in Maryland, and it was the land flowing with milk and honey for "all who would worship Mary." There were others who settled in the middle territory, and they established there "a *New England*." But this was not the spirit of the broad heart and life of the Pilgrims. They believed in a separation, in the establishment of a state for the people without the domination of priestcraft. The state should foster the church, the church should foster the state, but they should be separate.

There is a chapter yet to be written in our great American history, a chapter which shall tell us how the union of the colonies came to be an established fact. It was through the broad spirit of our Pilgrim Fathers that demanded religious toleration, and upon this broad platform the federation of our several colonies, and the union of the states was made possible.

Another of these foundation stones or landmarks of the Pilgrims is that of the home. Where can men ever gather under auspices like these without having the thought go back to those happy days of New England home life? Just as we come to the threshold of the Christmas days, so beautifully referred to by our speaker a few moments ago, these happy Christmas times, each of us turn to those merry, golden days of childhood. Some of us miss at Christmas time the loved faces and forms of those dear to us by many hallowed ties. They have gone beyond us, and at our festive gatherings there will float before us the faces and forms and lives of loved ones that have gone into glory, but we imbibe the spirit that they left. We are the children of a noble ancestry, and to-day we love *our children* and love *our homes*, because our fathers honored the home, and made the real

home life of America to be a potent factor in our national existence. Not the worshipping of the home, but the loving and magnifying of the sanctity of the home with all its hallowed ties and endearing fellowships. No wonder there goes up a cry to-day from this broad land of ours when one seeks to enter our great national conclave, who would break down the sacred barrier of true home life. There goes up a cry from the sons of the Pilgrim Fathers, those who established and cherished and honored the American home life; a patriotic cry which heaven and earth may hear, that no man who shall desecrate the home shall have a place in our national councils.

And one thought more in closing. Another of the landmarks is the eternal emphasis which our Pilgrim Fathers gave to manhood. This is what has made America great. Not her commerce, but her manhood. And to-day where the thousands of New England sons are gathered, each looks into the other's face and feels that back of that life, true to a Pilgrim ancestry, there is MANHOOD. The Spartan emphasized the thought of the warrior life, and he was nurtured in the spirit of warfare, as he nestled upon his mother's breast. The Roman emphasized dominion and power. The Egyptian gloried in her art, but Americans glory most in their manhood.

Greatness is the product of ideals. We shall become great as our ideals are great. God gives to man ideals. He will give to one a poetic ideal, as he gave to the blind bard, and lo, "Milton's Paradise Lost" will thrill the world of letters. He will touch the life of another with a religious ideal, and "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" will live with its sacred lessons close by the side of the Word of God. He will give to another a scientific ideal, and Galileo will sweep the heavens with the telescope and read the handwriting of the Lord of Hosts in starry light. He will give to another the spirit of discovery as an ideal in life, and Columbus will add a continent to the geography of the world. He has given to Americans not only a love for liberty, but the high ideal of a Christian manhood, and when we step beyond that boundary line, we remove the ancient landmark that has been set by our fathers as a foundation of our Pilgrim greatness and our national glory.

There are many surging tides of the world seeking to sweep away our foundations; but we are very much like the monument erected to the author of "Pilgrim's Progress." In the little town of Bedford there stands to-day the statute of John Bunyan, the tinker of Bedford; he holds in his hand an open book: "He stands where four ways meet, but John Bunyan's face is set one way." Amidst all the surging tides of the world there is to be the face set as a flint toward

a nobler, larger, better manhood, and this landmark shall we keep to establish the nation.

We have heard much of the greatness of our fathers and what we are enabled to accomplish. A little while ago I stood by the ocean and watched those mighty waves as they were breaking upon the beach, and I wondered from whence their tremendous power came. The winds were only blowing as a gentle zephyr, and yet the mighty ocean waves were rolling in with resistless power and strength. I know the storm had overcast the bosom of the deep, but the storm had passed away. I felt that back of the throbbing of the great waves of the deep was the power of hundreds of miles of force that was driving them in against the beach. So back of our lives there are the forces of the days that are gone, and the inherited powers that have been woven into our lives by the noble men and women that gave us birth. And to-night I bring this closing thought, that while we rejoice in our national greatness, in expanding our territory and in establishing our commercial relations, let us not forget these ancient landmarks which our fathers have set for us. Let us remember that the night may come; but if we are true to the eternal principles wrought in our lives by our noble ancestry all will be well.

A few years ago our President was going down the coast on one of our great vessels of the Navy. It was a dark and stormy night. He paced the deck with a friend. The old vessel was rolling, and the Captain, calling the President to the bridge of the vessel, said: "I am anxious that you should see to-night a full illustration of the power of our searchlight. See how dark it is off to the leeward," and in a moment more the signal was given, and the great searchlight of the ship swept the shore. Yonder in the distance, where the light fell upon the tower and flagstaff of a fortress, there was the old flag, the Stars and Stripes, in the midnight and in the darkness, unfurled to the breeze, and a man stood beside it. In the darkness of the night the watcher was there, and the flag was unfurled. The searchlight had revealed out of the darkness the flag and the man, the emblems of our American power in the years to come. Darkness may settle upon us at times, but there is back of us all a mighty light that shall reveal the manhood and the banner that shall make both Americans and America great.

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1898, George Sanderson,

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1887–1891, Arthur Scranton,

1892–1900, Arthur Charles Fuller.

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* Each of the Presidents served as Vice-President the year preceding his presidency. For this reason it is considered sufficient to give the name of the Vice-President for the current year only.

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